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# YOUNG WINGS

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

*The Book Club for Young Readers*

In the United States and Canada

FEBRUARY

1952

# Y O U N G   W I N G S

From The Junior Literary Guild

Helen Ferris, Editor-in-Chief

Ruth Clement Hoyer, Editor of *Young Wings*

## Let's Eat!

**W**ANT a job? Can you cook? Skipper John is looking for someone to cook. He needs someone to get the meals for himself and for the crew of the *Liberty Belle*. The men are too busy to do their own cooking. They have to stand watch, reef the sails, swab the decks, catch fish, clean fish, and pack fish. And because there's no time to cook, they have been opening cans. Every day it has been

beans in the morning

beans at noon

beans at night

and in between—BEANS!

Just before the last trip of the *Liberty Belle*, the men refused to get on the boat and sail off for their fishing. And so Skipper John had to do something right away. He nailed a notice on the fish house. The notice said, "Cook Wanted on the *Liberty Belle*."

Skipper John hired someone, and the crew all got on the *Liberty Belle*. Then off she sailed. Who was the someone hired as cook? And why is Skipper John now hunting for another cook?

Open your new book, youngest Members. It is *Skipper John's*

*Cook*, written and illustrated by Marcia Brown. Meet Si and his dog George, and read what hap-



pened when Si and George decided to go to sea with Skipper John and his crew.

Marcia Brown is already a Junior Literary Guild friend. Remember your lovely *Stone Soup*? That was the first book Marcia Brown wrote and illustrated for you. On pages six and seven Miss Brown talks with you about the boys of Cape Cod.

*Skipper John's Cook* by Marcia Brown is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 6, 7, and 8 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Charles Scribner's Sons at \$2.00. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject heading: Picture books.

# Something Doing All the Time

THERE was always something doing around Madison, Indiana, where the White family lived. And wherever anything was happening, Asa and Liddy White were usually in the middle of it. Steamboats paddled up and down the Ohio River with passengers and freight and news from everywhere—like the news about Jenny Lind, the famous singer from Sweden. Someday the long-promised race would come off—the race between the new river boat, *Flying Cloud*, and the faithful *Benjamin Franklin*. Asa was cheering for *Benjamin Franklin*, for that was the boat on which he would be cabin boy as soon as he was old enough. Liddy did not care about being a cabin boy. All she wanted was to be a boy! Girls had no fun.

Then the school burned down. What happened next is the story told for you nine, ten, and eleven year olds in *Lucky Year*, by Dorothy Aldis. It was a "lucky year" for Madison, and a dream come true for Asa and Liddy.

Next to being a cabin boy, Asa had always wanted to go with the men on the hog-driving trip. Each fall the men gathered up the hogs in all parts of Indiana, and even in Illinois, and drove them back to the Madison Pork House. A lot of healthy hogs made a "lucky year" for everyone, because hogs were Madison's biggest business. If the schoolhouse had

not burned down, Asa would not have had the chance to go for the hogs. But girls never took such trips. What did Liddy do about that situation? Trust Liddy to find a way out. There's exciting reading for all of you in your newest story, *Lucky Year*.

The author and the artist of *Lucky Year* are both new Junior Guild friends. You will meet Mrs. Aldis, the author, on pages eight and nine and John Dukes McKee, who made the many fine pictures, on page fourteen.

*Lucky Year* by Dorothy Aldis is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 9, 10, and 11 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Rand McNally & Co. at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction).



# Danger Lurks in the Jungle

**S**LOWLY the yoked bullocks pulled the heavy cart along the winding jungle road. A lantern hanging from the rear of the cart was the only light in the black jungle night. Rodmika kept watchful eyes on the trail, where danger lurked constantly. Within the cart the others lay asleep. Rodmika was driving his mother, his younger brother Dobarra, and the baby sister to join their father at their new home. If only they would sleep until they reached the safety of the farm, now just a few hours away!

But Dobarra woke too soon and joined his brother up front just in time to see a leopard lying across the trail before them. The little boy clung to his brother while the leopard slunk away to hide in the grass beside the trail and peer at them with fiery eyes. The bullocks, frightened by the smell of the jungle cat, tried to run away. Finally Rodmika got them under control, and once

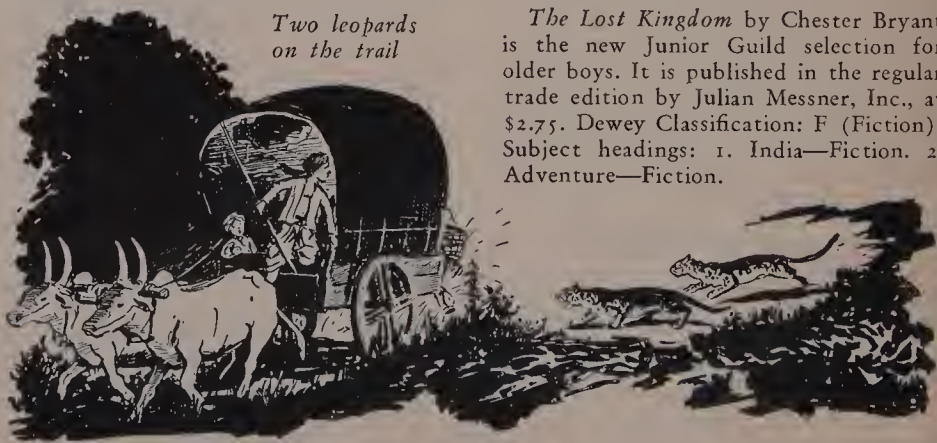
more all was quiet within the cart as it rolled along.

The leopard had not gone, however. Rodmika soon discovered that the creature was trailing the cart and becoming more and more daring. And then a second leopard appeared. In *The Lost Kingdom*, by Chester Bryant, you older boys will join Rodmika and his family in this night of suspense and peril. And more thrilling adventures lie ahead when you go with the young Hindu boy into the very heart of an even more dangerous jungle. Rodmika braved this jungle alone, searching for a way through impassable swamps, and he found not only a lost kingdom but also a clue to the mysterious tattooed cobra mark on his own chest.

Chester Bryant is a new Junior Guild author. You will be introduced to him on page ten. The artist, Margaret Ayer, is an old friend. Her Junior Guild books are listed on the back cover.

*Two leopards  
on the trail*

*The Lost Kingdom* by Chester Bryant is the new Junior Guild selection for older boys. It is published in the regular trade edition by Julian Messner, Inc., at \$2.75. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject headings: 1. India—Fiction. 2. Adventure—Fiction.





# A Daring Rescue

STELLA did not stop to think. The moment she saw the head in the water and realized that a horse was struggling for life in the rough breakers and the strong ebb tide, she sped across the sands and into the sea. But she was not strong enough to drag the little filly to shore. She would have failed and probably have been drowned herself had not Stout Jeffrey come walking along the shore. He dived into the sea, carried her back to the beach, and then returned to drag the tossing body of the sorrel filly to safety on the sand.

Like Stella, Jeffrey was a lover of horses. He understood why she had risked her life. Together they hovered over the little filly, asking questions of each other. How had the filly come to be in the sea? And who owned her? She was a Narragansett pacer, a new American breed being raised in the province of Rhode Island and a source of great wealth to the planters. By law—by the right of salvage—the two young people could claim her. Stella loved her and named her *Free and Easy* but insisted that Jeffrey was the one to claim her. He, on the other hand, declared Stella must have her. Hadn't Stella risked her own life for the little filly?

You older girls have thrilling reading ahead—and romance, too—in your new selection, *Free and Easy* by Fairfax Downey. Too



many people are after the young filly, but the horse loves Stella above all others and for the girl there is only one horse in the whole world. Finally Stella has to make the long ocean voyage to Virginia to prove that she and *Free and Easy* belong to each other. Many are the adventures you readers will share with Stella and Jeffrey and all the rest.

On page eleven we introduce to you the author, Fairfax Downey. The artist, Frederick Chapman, is already a Junior Literary Guild friend, for he was the illustrator of *The Sign of the Golden Fish*, by Gertrude Robinson.

*Free and Easy* by Fairfax Downey is the new Junior Guild selection for older girls. It is published in the regular trade edition by Charles Scribner's Sons at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject heading: Horses—Fiction.

# Cape Cod Boys Go to Sea Young

by Marcia Brown

WAY out on the farthest tip of Cape Cod lies a town that is almost surrounded by the sea—Provincetown. Fishing boats sail in and out of the harbor with clouds of gulls overhead, shrieking for their dinner of scraps from the cleaning of the fish. Today the fishing boats have Diesel engines, and radios warn of approaching storms or tell the fishermen where schools of fish are running. How different it was fifty years ago! In the Provincetown museum are prints which show the harbor so filled with sailing schooners that the mackerel fleet looked like a forest on the water—a forest of masts and lines.



*Marcia Brown  
in her studio  
in New York,  
at left, and,  
at right, va-  
cationing at  
Provincetown*

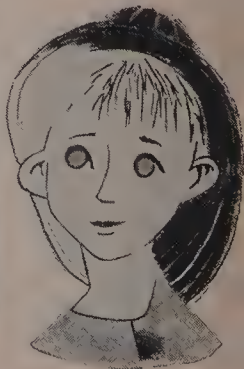


As many as three hundred fifty vessels could lie in safety within the harbor while it was blowing violently outside.

You can always find young boys down by the wharves of Provincetown. They watch the fishermen unload their catch, go fishing themselves with hand lines, fuss around with old boats, or just wander on the flats left at low tide—off on some private business of their own.

Cape Cod boys go to sea young. Sometimes a grandfather, a father, and a son may all sail on the same boat. In the old days boys of ten or twelve used to sail on the whalers as cabin boys or galley helpers, and some as young as eight sailed as cooks on the fishing schooners.

Today, too, the boys and girls of Provincetown learn early to manage themselves. Very small boys often go along with their fathers on fishing trips. Sun-tanned children wander miles from town on the dunes, picking





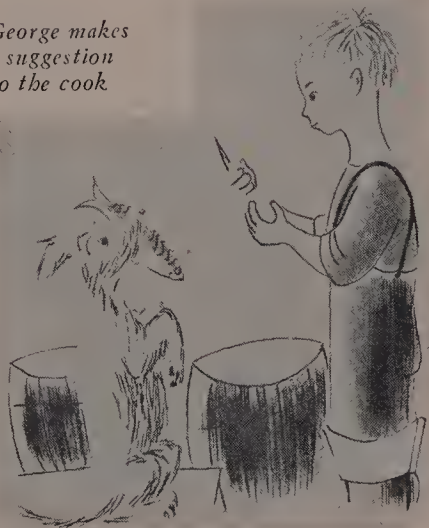
wild beach plums, blueberries, and bayberries. One day down by the harbor I saw a three-year-old boy helping his shipbuilding father repair a boat. The boy drove a straight nail. His eight-year-old brother told me that, just the day before, the three-year-old had fallen off a dock into seven feet of water. What did he do? He walked along the bottom to safety ashore.

*Poor George is getting hungry again*

For several years I have spent my vacations in Provincetown, staying with a family in which the men have been fishermen. They have told many stories about their trips to the Banks, about storms along "the back side," the Atlantic side of the Cape, or about their runs with their catch to Fulton Fish Market in New York. "Beans in the morning, beans at noon, beans at night"—that's how many a fisherman used to eat on the old schooners, I was told. Any fisherman would tire of such a diet. *Skipper John's Cook* tells what one Cape Cod skipper and one young Cape Cod boy and his dog George did about the situation.



*George makes a suggestion to the cook*



# I Wrote My First Poem at

by Dorothy Aldis



*Dorothy Aldis,  
a new Junior  
Guild author,  
who wrote your  
fine new book,  
"Lucky Year"*

**M**Y FATHER and mother were both newspaper reporters in Chicago when I was born. As a small child, I was very much alone. From the time I was five, I used to play games with an imaginary friend whom I called "The Other Woman." As soon as I could write, I would put "The Other Woman" above my opponent's score for tittattoe, or Hangman, or whatever the game was. Besides this imaginary friend I had a cocker spaniel and goldfish for company. Later I had two little sisters, but they were much younger than I.

The first time I ever remember taking a pencil in my hand to compose was when I was nine, and the occasion was my father's birthday. I wrote fifty poems for him. These I have just found. Here are two written for my younger sisters:

Peggy has a smiling face.  
Peggy's hair is gold.  
Sometimes Peggy's face is showers.  
But then it turns right back to flowers.

Ruth is a very Tiny Thing.  
She can patty cake and sing.  
She learns her lessons very quickly.  
But sometimes looks a little sickly.



When I was a little girl, I read and reread Louisa May Alcott's books, the *Little Colonel* series, and the *Five Little Peppers* stories. Later came Charles Dickens and Sir Walter Scott.

I still have a cocker spaniel and goldfish for company. The cocker, Snoopy, is now going-on eighteen, but he still plays with his ball and fights as though he were two years old. He's very smart at eating food from off our neighbors' kitchen tables.

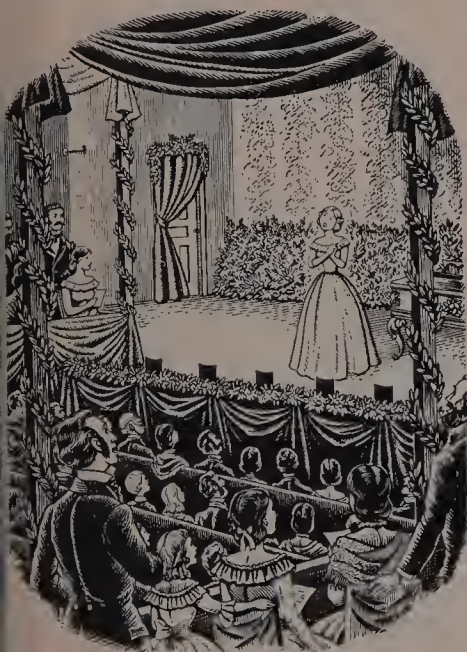
For company I also have my husband, Graham Aldis, and our four grown children: a son and three daughters. Two of the girls are twins, one twenty minutes older than the other. Both were just as lively and into things as Snoopy. We also have one grandchild, four and a half. We are thinking of getting him a punching bag, a lawn mower, and a rowing machine for working off his energy.

When the children were grow-



# Age of Nine

*The sketches  
are by John  
Dukes McKee*



*Jenny Lind sings in the Opera Hall*

ng up, along with all their pets—  
baby raccoons, guinea pigs (the  
twins called them Beginny Pigs),  
chickens, goats, skunks, rabbits,  
white mice, and so on—I had  
trouble finding privacy for my

writing. So I used to go off in the car to a deserted subdivision and write. I still do that, driving to the same old subdivision. The police on their checking-up tours sometimes stop by to see what I am up to and are surprised at the sight of me with my typewriter perched on my knees.

*Lucky Year* is my eighteenth book. Among the others I have written are: *Squiggles*; *Jane's Father*; *Cindy*; *Miss Quinn's Secret*; *Poor Susan*; *Dark Summer*; and several collections of my poems: *Everything and Anything*; *Here, There, and Everywhere*; *Hop, Skip, and Jump*; and *Before Things Happen*. I have also written for newspapers and have done some advertising work.

*Big news comes to the White family in their home on the Ohio River*





# I'm at Home in Jungles

by Chester Bryant



I GREW up in El Dorado, Arkansas, where I was born on July 22, 1900. Within a few miles of my home were extensive forests, swamps, streams, and lakes. My father, an ardent hunter and wise woodsman, took my brother and me into the woods almost before we could walk. He bundled us into an old rocking chair, tied it to his belt, and pulled us along behind him over the snow.

I attended Hendrix College at Conway, Arkansas, and the University of Illinois. For a year I worked near home as an engineer in the oil fields. In 1923 I went to New York to study art and advertising and then, in 1925, to Paris on an art scholarship.

Most of the time between 1928 and 1933 I was in India and Burma on the advertising staff of General Motors Export. I traveled a great deal and spent my free time in the jungles, studying the people, the plants, and the animals. I learned to fly in India and would choose from the air the next jungle to visit.

In 1933 a break in my health

brought me to Arizona, where my brother and I homesteaded in the mountains and built a ranch. As my health mended, I began to write. But it was not until Katharine and I were married that I began to sell my stories. She had been an English teacher and spotted my troubles.

In 1942 we left the ranch, and I became an engineer at an aircraft plant at Tucson. I now own the Tucson Blue Print Company and live out from Tucson. Our front gate opens upon the Papago Indian Reservation, and Indians are our nearest neighbors.

*Chester Bryant and his dogs, both of which were named for him*



# Horses I Have Known

by Fairfax Downey

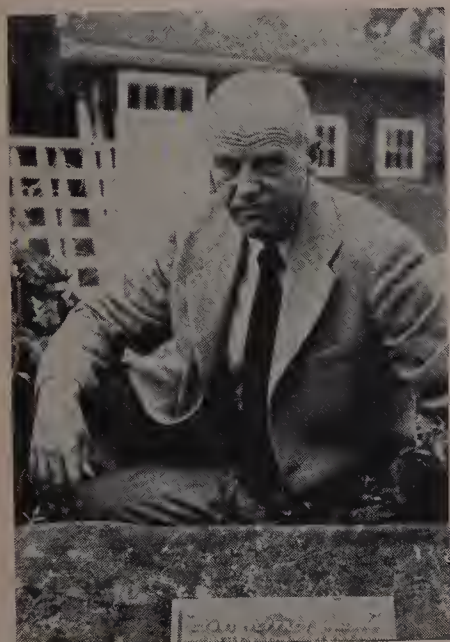
I WAS born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on November 28, 1893. Since my father was an Army officer, we moved around a great deal. I attended Hill School and, later, Yale University, graduating in 1916.

In my life I have known and ridden many different horses. My first horse was Rex, a small buckskin which I owned as a boy in Cuba. When we came home to the States, I brought Rex with me. At college I became a sergeant in the Yale Batteries, learning to ride, to drive a pair in artillery teams, and to care for horses. In



France during the First World War I was often in the saddle as an officer of the 12th Field Artillery, Second Division. But in the Second World War it was a jeep which carried me about in this country and in North Africa. I told its story in my book, *Jezebel the Jeep*.

*Fairfax Downey seated on the Blue Stone which Stout Jeffrey lifts in the story*



Afterwards, during summers in New Hampshire, I rode a big, strong horse named Blazer, lent by a friend. Blazer loved to gallop and never minded when I blew the charge on my trumpet as we thundered along. Sometimes we were joined by my wife, on a black, and our grandsons on burros. The three grandsons are now in Paris with their parents. Their Army officer father is on General Eisenhower's staff.

Now we have a dark bay named Pat W. My wife loves him as much as Stella, in the book, loves Free and Easy. Pat, retired from harness racing, is a pacer, like Free and Easy, smooth-gaited and affectionate. Perhaps some of the blood of the wonderful Nar-ragansett pacers runs in his veins.



# JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

*Our Book Club Members are the authors of these pages. You, too, may write for them if you receive Junior Guild books at home, or if you read them in school or at the public library. The best letters received are published here and those who write them become Honor Members.*

## WHAT I THINK OF MY JUNIOR GUILD BOOKS

### Each Month I Can Hardly Wait for My New Book

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been taking Junior Guild books for two years. I have enjoyed every book. I especially liked *The Picture Story of Alaska*, by Hester O'Neill, because I like geography. I also liked *Lone Star Tomboy*, by Allyn Allen. It was so exciting. Something new happened in every chapter. I can hardly wait each month for my new Junior Guild book to come. My hobby is architecture.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN CANNON, AGE 11  
YORK, NEBRASKA

### I Get the Junior Guild Books From Our School Library

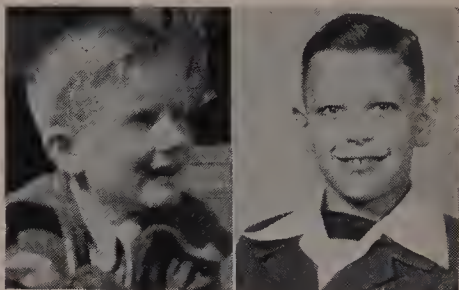
DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I enjoy reading, and I like the Junior Literary Guild books. I have been getting them from our school library. I have just finished reading *Gold for the Grahams*, written by Alice Cook Fuller. I like it because it is about people in the West and about moving over the prairie. The story is about going to the Black Hills for gold. An exciting part is about the prairie fire they had. The wagon met friendly Indians. They met bull trains with furs, and they met a coach. The Grahams thought maybe the Indians captured Gil, when they found his knife by an Indian village.

Sincerely yours,

ALLEN SEALS, AGE 10  
FRANKLIN, OHIO

*This letter was sent by Mrs. Mabel W. Howie, Librarian of the Franklin Public Library, Franklin, Ohio*



*Stephen Cannon, York, Nebraska,  
and Allen Seals, Franklin, Ohio*

### My Class Members Enjoy All My Junior Guild Books, Too

DEAR JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD:

I have been a Junior Guild Member for only a little over a year, but I think all your books are simply marvelous. The two I liked best were *The Mystery of Catesby Island*, by Lucile McDonald and Zola Helen Ross, and *Ghost at Garnet Lodge*, by Frances Duncombe, simply because I prefer mysteries to any other kinds.

I liked *The Mystery of Catesby Island* because it kept me in suspense until the last chapter or two and had a happy but unusual ending. I liked *Ghost at Garnet Lodge* because the catchy title gave me a feeling of excitement and adventure. When we made disc recordings of our favorite books, I summarized this book.

All of my books have been passed around to my class members, and they enjoy them as much as I do.

I have only one suggestion to make. Please have more mysteries.

Yours sincerely,

JANET GUILLES, AGE 14  
PLATTEVILLE, WISCONSIN



# HONOR DEPARTMENT

In your letter, tell about your favorite Junior Guild books and why you like them. Put your name, age, and address on your letter and send in a snapshot of yourself. An inscribed book for your own library is awarded to the writer of every letter published in our Honor Department.

## WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF OUR BOOK CLUB



Janet Guiles, Platteville, Wisconsin,  
and Dotty Jones, Macon, Mississippi

### I'm Glad My Town Library Has Joined the Junior Guild

DEAR EDITOR:

The afternoon I received *The Door in the Wall*, by Marguerite de Angeli, I was sick and could not read. My mother started the book that night and read half of it. Daddy became so interested that he said not to finish the book until the next night. This we did, and all loved Robin because he learned to be skillful with his hands and heart. All the characters were so real.

The library in my town has joined the Junior Literary Guild, and I am glad.

Sincerely yours,  
DOTTY JONES, AGE 9  
MACON, MISSISSIPPI

### I Plan to Read More Fine Junior Literary Guild Books

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I have always liked books, especially books about people. Last year our teacher read several books to the class, a little each morning. One of these was *Swamp Boy*, by M. B. Cormack and P. L.

Bytovetzski, your Junior Guild book. The whole class enjoyed this book very much about the boy in Georgia.

I've also read *Kentucky Derby Winner*, by Isabel McLennan McMeekin, a good story. I like all the Junior Guild books I've read and plan to read more.

Sincerely yours,  
ELIZABETH WESTPHAL, AGE 12  
LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS

### I've Enjoyed Your Books Ever Since I've Been Able to Read

DEAR JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD:

I have enjoyed your books ever since I have been able to read. I think some of your finest books have been on mystery and adventure. *The Angry Planet*, by John Keir Cross, is a good example. A scientist, a writer, and three stow-away children journey to Mars in a space ship and find many queer things.

Yours sincerely,  
KEN KOCH, AGE 13  
LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS

*The letters by Elizabeth and Ken were sent by Miss Alta McAfee of the Oak Avenue School, La Grange, Illinois*

### All My Junior Guild Books Are Being Read and Enjoyed

DEAR EDITOR:

I have read *Factory Kitty*, and I enjoyed it very much. It was written by Helen Hoke. My class likes the book, too, and so does my teacher. I've read a lot of Junior Guild books and cannot decide which I like best. I think I like all.

Truly yours,  
CYNTHIA HOFFMAN, AGE 8  
LENNOX, CALIFORNIA



## May I Go Snooping in Your Attic?

by John Dukes McKee

John Dukes  
McKee, artist



I was born and raised in Kokomo, Indiana, a town small enough to allow me to taste many of the delights of the country and yet large enough to provide a few of the advantages of the city. I did about everything a small-town boy could do. In the spring I played marbles and went "craw-dad" hunting. In the summer I went swimming in the creeks or the stone quarries. In the fall came the tick-tacking at Halloween and nutting, when I got as much walnut stain on my hands as I possibly could. Winter brought skating, coasting, and bobsled rides, always with snowball fights.

Our town was a one-night stand for good shows. I saw Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" and Montgomery and Stone in "The Wizard of Oz." I saw "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Man from Home," and all the "Uncle Tom's." My greatest claim to glory came when I was about eight years old and rode in the street parade alongside of Buffalo Bill.

I read anything I could get my hands on. Among my favorites were *Black Beauty*, *Beautiful Joe*, and *The Bears of Blue River*. The magazines I liked were *St. Nicholas*, *The Youth's Companion*,

and *The American Boy*. In addition, I read Charles Dickens, *Pilgrim's Progress*, mail order catalogues, old *Harper's Weeklies*, G. A. Henty, *The Rover Boys*, and Horatio Alger—no discrimination!

After a year at De Pauw University I spent three years at the Art Institute of Chicago and then a summer at Colorossi Academy in Paris. My main hobby is collecting books and papers of early America, from 1830 to 1900, and my collection is a great help when I am making illustrations for advertising or stories of those days. I do some writing, too, and like to snoop in attics for old books or other Americana. Some of my work, especially the cartoons, I sign as "mister mckee."

Mrs. McKee and I met at art school. We live in suburban La Grange, Illinois, and we have two grown daughters. I have a garden and a special system for working in it. I plant all the seeds and plants at one session. Then I stay away until late summer. The plants which have survived are good husky ones, because the bugs get lost in the weeds.

Left to right, these Honor Members are: Virgil Lyons and George McIntosh, Paris, Kentucky; Carol Kreh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Ruth Metzger, Waterford, Virginia; Patricia Elson, Floral Park, New York; Lou Ann Myrick, Patoka, Indiana



## Behind the Scenes with Jay Gee, the Office Elf

Oh, me! Oh, my! Why doesn't that postman come? I can't wait to see what valentines you guys and gals are sending me this year. I'm so excited I could shout. But my heart is heavy. Oh, dear! What'll I ever do? Why is it heavy? Valentines for you! Ha! Ha! Ha! Fooled you! Thought I meant sad, didn't you?

Here's your valentine, older guys. Up on your horses. Join Marsh and Oatbin while they hunt down those coyotes that are killing the ranchers' sheep. Many a close call is coming, and plenty of mystery. Now, older gals, your valentine! Surprised? Say, I thought I'd seen everything, heard everything. People sleep—sure! And animals. But have you ever heard about a mine that sleeps? Susan doesn't like the idea any more than I do, and she's going to do something about it. But what?

Twin valentines for you, youngest Members. The twins of Pumpkin Road are going exploring. They're looking for something special—something to do with Indians. Wow! Hurry if you want to go along. Now your valentine, nine, ten, and eleven year olds! Here's Ban-Joe. He's looking for something, too—a job! He and Barker are hungry and need a home. Now meet Grey Eagle, the fastest horse in all Kentucky.



## They Tell about Their Favorite Junior Guild Books

Again we have received more letters than we have room to publish in our Honor Department. They are such fine letters, however, that we have decided to make the writers of six more letters Honor Members this month. The pictures of the girls and boys who wrote the letters are on the facing page. This is what they say about their favorite Junior Guild books.

Virgil, age 11, says the best book he has read is *Barney Hits the Trail*, by Sara and Fred Machetanz. George, age 9, chooses *Good Luck Duck*, by Meindert de Jong. Carol, age 11, agrees with Virgil about *Barney Hits the Trail*, but she also likes *Biddy Christmas*, by Priscilla M.

Warner. Carol says she did not enjoy reading until she started getting Junior Guild books.

*A Horse to Remember* and *Ghost Town Cowboy* have made Ruth, age 8, enthusiastic about the author, Genevieve Torrey Eames. Ruth hopes Mrs. Eames will write more books.

Both Patricia, age 11, and Lou Ann, age 11, cast their votes for Dean Marshall's *The Invisible Island*. Patricia says all her Junior Guild books have been good reading, and Lou Ann says her books have helped her out with her studies at school. Lou Ann has lent her books to many of her friends, and they all want to join the Junior Guild, too.



## With the Junior Guild Everywhere



What do the boys and girls at Hawthorne Free Public Library in Hawthorne, New Jersey, think of Junior Guild books? The picture above will give you a hint. This is Story Hour, and Miss Joan Doyle is reading Junior Guild's *Twenty Little Pets from Everywhere*, by Raymond L. Ditmars. Miss Doyle is a teacher in the elementary schools in Bloomfield, New Jersey.



From Platteville, Wisconsin, comes a most interesting letter from the students in the Junior High School. They say: "We are Junior Guild readers who would like to tell you how much we like your books. In our school, which is the Training School of Platteville State College, we have a reading contract in which we read as many books as we feel we can. For the first nine weeks this year we have chosen all Junior Guild books. There were sixty-nine of them in circulation." With this letter came two letters with pic-

tures of the writers. You will find Janet Guiles's letter and picture in the Honor Department. Our thanks to Miss Edythe Daniel, Supervisor, Junior High English.



More and more schools and libraries have joined the long list of those who are sharing their books for boys and girls with the young people and children of other countries. They are doing this through the UNESCO-CARE Children's Book Fund. Has your school or your library decided to send books? For full information write to Children's Book Fund, CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, New York.



We are happy to have on our cover this month the fine painting that Margaret Ayer made for the jacket of *The Lost Kingdom*, by Chester Bryant. Miss Ayer also illustrated: *The Girl without a Country*, by Martha Lee Poston; *The Secret Spring*, by Emma Atkins Jacobs; and *The Scarlet Bird*, by Ethel Todd Anderson.

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## THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

The Book Club for Young Readers

Garden City, New York

Toronto, Canada

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*The Junior Literary Guild is the Book Club for all young readers between the ages of six and sixteen. With the yearly membership each Member receives one new book every month for a year—twelve books in all—and a copy of YOUNG WINGS with every book. Your friends will be glad to know about our Book Club. Full information may be obtained from The Junior Literary Guild, Garden City, New York.*

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